

REVIVATIONS

-- FALL 2023 --

RECENT
REVIEWS
INTERVIEWS
WORD STORIES

KDVS DAVIS 90.3 FM

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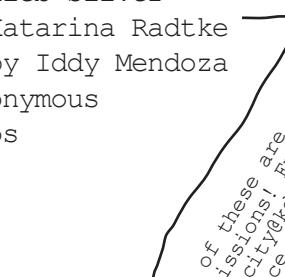
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All of these submissions are publicized to kdvs.org for a chance to be featured in the next Kdviations!

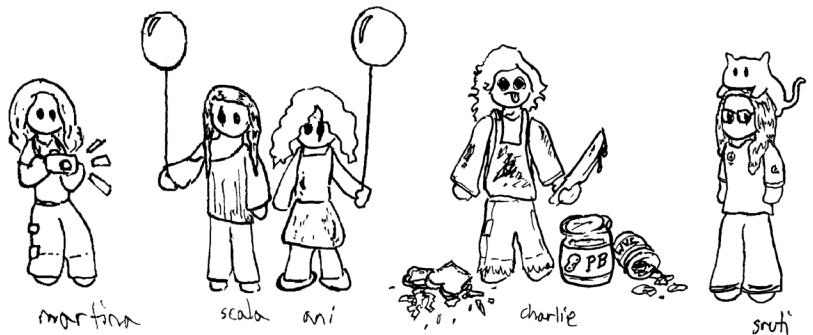
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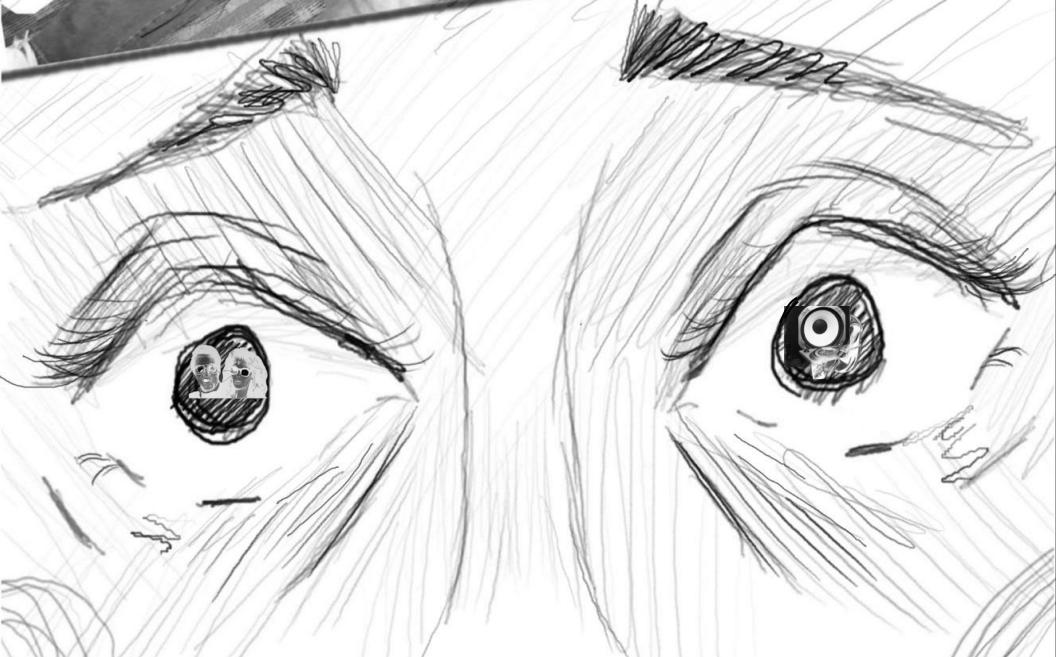
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Eulogy for Mike Wilsey AKA The Polluter

Mike Wilsey, a regular host of The Metal and a frequent substitute DJ during most time slots at KDVS, passed away at his home in Reno, CA on June 28th, 2023.

Mike found his way down to KDVS through my job. I work at Armadillo Music & Mike had bought a CD online from our store and was surprised that we had included a coupon for him to use at our physical location. Why I put a coupon with a CD going to Carson City, Nevada I will never know. Luckily for me, Mike worked in Davis (yes, he commuted that horrendous drive) and was looking for an excuse to visit our store anyway. I still remember the first CD he bought from me, which was The Blackest Album - An Industrial Tribute to Metallica.

When Mike finally came into the store he and I bonded immediately over our love for music, and even more importantly, our love of metal. Mike was about 18 years older than me, and admittedly he had not stayed up to date on the more current metal acts. We talked about Rainbow, Black Sabbath, Metallica & Slayer, and Mike dove head first into more extreme artists as fast as he could. He literally would buy anything I recommended to him. Over the next few months he would come back with rave reviews of almost everything he bought from me, and then proceeded to discover bands I had never heard of and bring to my attention. At that point I decided to invite him to join me during my KDVS show as my guest. **He was hyper-enthusiastic, like a teenager given the keys to dad's 1968 Mustang.**

Every week that followed Mike would ask me if he could come down to KDVS and I finally told him he could just start coming down permanently, get trained, and do a show himself. Remember, he was living in Carson City, NV but he still figured out a way to be at KDVS on a regular basis enough to get himself trained and certified. Once that happened, he started substituting for other shows on KDVS, and ventured into playing the respective genres of the shows he was subbing for. We all loved him for this, because he catered to our listeners by giving them the same musical styles they loved at the time slots they were used to hearing them at.

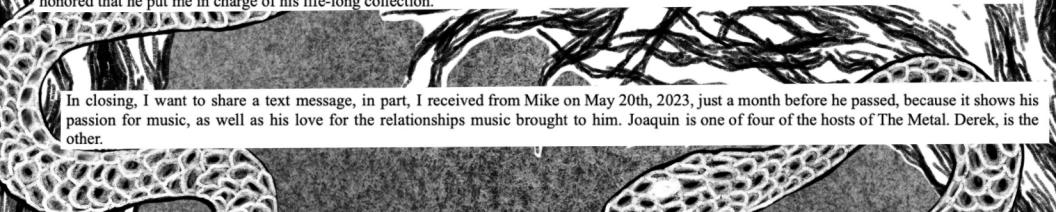
Mike was different. If you knew him, that is about the biggest understatement you could make about the guy. His job, when I met him, was to be a liaison for kids at the elementary school level with learning and physical disabilities. He often told me about his students, and how much he enjoyed them and their company. **He brought toys and games to school to give away to the kids.** He lit up telling me about one kid in particular who had a severe learning issue. In his words, "The kid is so honest he makes me laugh! He pulls no punches, and says whatever he's thinking. I love hanging out with him." **Mike made time for people, and enthusiastically trained a large percentage of the current DJs on KDVS.** He loved to let trainees talk on the air, pick out the music, and painstakingly showed them how the equipment worked. He also listened to KDVS constantly, and would praise, or lambast, any show he thought deserved it to me. He knew who was on when, what they played, and loved learning about the music through knowledgeable DJs. He often complained of shows calling themselves "eclectic" because he said, "It's not eclectic, it's lazy and unfocused." You see, Mike had opinions about a lot of stuff, and although you might not agree with him about an issue, you had to respect the work he put in. **He was NEVER lazy and always took pleasure in the journey of learning, and teaching.**

Mike also loved flea markets, concerts, thrift stores, and a good bargain on snacks. In the early days of him coming to KDVS he'd show up with some candy he found at Grocery Outlet. He loved sharing his food as much as he loved sharing bands & information! **When you listened to his show it was always clear, the focus was never on him.** He wasn't looking for the attention of being on the air, he was looking to put the attention on the bands and artists he felt were worthy of it. You were going to discover something new anytime he was in the DJ booth and I will admit that over the last few years he made me feel like I was slipping as a DJ. If it wasn't for his Case Logic CD tote bag I wouldn't have played half the great bands I did when hosting The Metal. I loved the breath of life he brought to our metal programming, and how he made all of us old-timers work harder at being better keepers of the airwaves. There were 4 DJs working through the Friday night timeslot, with Mike picking up the majority of the workload. **He was the sentry at the gate of metal on KDVS.**

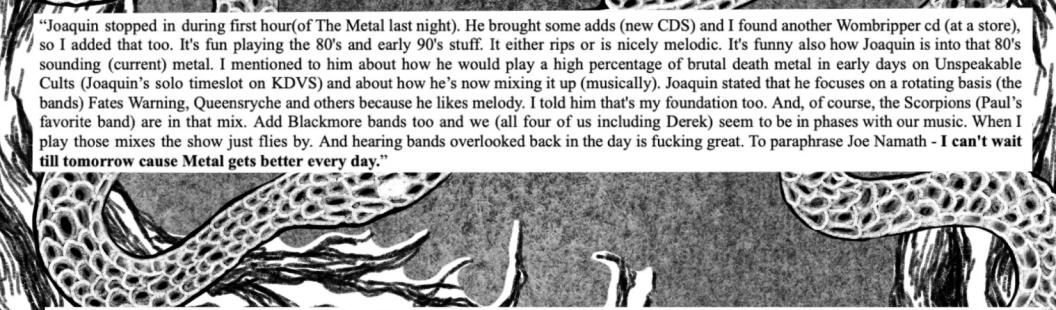
When Mike wasn't at KDVS, he was likely at a concert. Although he'd tell you stories of arena rock shows he saw back in the day, our brother spent way more time at underground metal shows than anyone I know. He bought merchandise, and CDs, of any band he saw and enjoyed. **He truly wanted to support the bands, and not just pretend to be a part of the metal community.** He usually bought 2 copies of any CD he really liked. One for himself, and one for the KDVS library. Doing a show, generously donating financially to several different shows during our fundraiser and giving his time to the station wasn't enough in his eyes. **He literally gave to KDVS in any way he could to make our station better. Quietly, selflessly, and with every ounce of his being.**



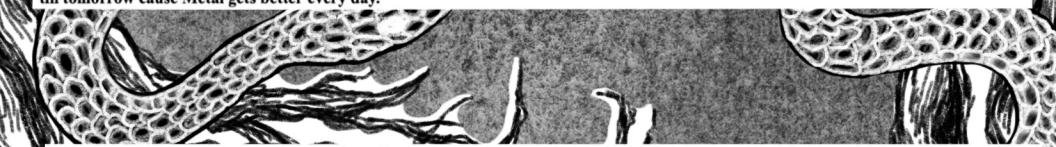
I believe that if Mike was in charge of proof-reading this eulogy, he would tell me to mention about 20 specific bands in it & stop talking about him. **Music was where he got his inspiration and honestly, KDVS gave him purpose.** I wish he had discovered the station 20 years ago. The station would be better for it, but he would be the first to say that KDVS gave him purpose. He had moved 4 plus times in the decade I knew him, eventually moving back to the affordability and familiarity of Reno, NV. I never visited his home there until after his passing. He had left a note with a relative that if anything were to happen to him, contact Paul at Armadillo Music to deal with the music collection. Although there were only a couple hundred records, there were over 5,000 CDs. I honestly believe that he spent so much time in music stores that knowing someone else would discover something from his music collection after his death was a way to achieve some form of immortality through music. I am honored that he put me in charge of his life-long collection.



In closing, I want to share a text message, in part, I received from Mike on May 20th, 2023, just a month before he passed, because it shows his passion for music, as well as his love for the relationships music brought to him. Joaquin is one of four of the hosts of The Metal. Derek, is the other.



"Joaquin stopped in during first hour(of The Metal last night). He brought some adds (new CDS) and I found another Womnippper cd (at a store), so I added that too. It's fun playing the 80's and early 90's stuff. It either rips or is nicely melodic. It's funny also how Joaquin is into that 80's sounding (current) metal. I mentioned to him about how he would play a high percentage of brutal death metal in early days on Unspeakable Cults (Joaquin's solo timeslot on KDVS) and about how he's now mixing it up (musically). Joaquin stated that he focuses on a rotating basis (the bands) Fates Warning, Queensryche and others because he likes melody. I told him that's my foundation too. And, of course, the Scorpions (Paul's favorite band) are in that mix. Add Blackmore bands too and we (all four of us including Derek) seem to be in phases with our music. When I play those mixes the show just flies by. And hearing bands overlooked back in the day is fucking great. To paraphrase Joe Namath - **I can't wait till tomorrow cause Metal gets better every day."**



Joe Namath has a book called, "I Can't Wait Until Tomorrow, 'Cause I Get Better-Looking Every Day". Mike could pull obscure references out of thin air like that. The last sentence completely encapsulates the way Mike loved music & KDVS. **Every day was a new musical adventure, and he was there for it.**



It won't be as special for those of us that you shared it with now that you're gone. Rest easy, brother. Keep the speakers turned up to 11 & the cheap beers cold for us. If there's a brutal metal concert in heaven, we know you're there! **Thank you for the energy, passion and sharing you brought to KDVS. We will try to continue to live up to the high bar you set.**



With love & respect,

Paul Wilbur "The Pirate"

Derek Rice "The Blasphemer"

ANNUAL REVIEW

FROM BEM

SPACE HEAVY



This is bound to be biased because this album came out at a time where I needed something to help me get through. But who cares!! It is so beautifully melancholic and equally hopeful. He occasionally roughs it up with a raspy growl that I think perfectly executes the frustration that comes along with the sadness he's communicating in a lot of his lyrics. What's rare about him is he knows how to utilize the same instruments and synth sounds in a way that is recognizable to his name but not a boring, uniform, "it all sounds the same" type of listen. It does have a scary walk through the forest at night sound about it I will admit.. but he can serenade me with that plaintive, sultry electric guitar any day.

Listen to this: on a gloomy walk or deep sigh night drive home

A.

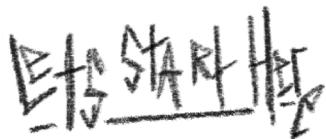
King Krule returns with his 4th studio album, once again sad and with a sound that makes you reminisce on your own decisions in life. The rock album carries a feeling of existential dread with the perfect mix of hopelessness and optimism. The name "Space Heavy" sums up this feeling, signifying the space between you and I, the distance from one consciousness to the next. Track 3, "Seaforth" is a conversation with his partner, about how faith is the only thing helping him be free in the world that wants to put a heavy space between them. The album continues this introspective conversation, culminating in my favorite track "If Only It was Warmth" where he dwells on his own distance, regret, and disappointment with those around him but also himself.

Listen to this: alone staring at the ceiling

Accurate to its name, Lil Yachty reinvented his position in the music industry and began a new chapter in his artistic output on this album. The well-known soundcloud rapper swapped his usual trap beats for a sound that is unique while still wearing its inspirations on its sleeves. Yachty's vocals throughout the album use very similar vocal effects as Tame Impala and the psychedelic guitar riffs are reminiscent of Jimi Hendrix. Track 1, Black Seminole, opens up the album with rumble bass synths leading into a soulful soundscape. The rest of the album builds on this sound while telling the story of a young man's struggle being alone and failures that led to success.



Listen to this: introspective time while making dinner



Lil' Yachty



Alright this man didn't drop an album for five years and then he dropped this statement piece. I hear a lot of soul, jazzish, funkish, really just timeless influences especially post build up (which is in nearly every song.) I think this was translated best to the public through "drive me crazy!..". Diana Gordon's chorus vocals added a groove that really stuck. Her music is known to be heavily R&B and gospel inspired and I think it was a perfect contribution to this genre bending album. Stripping away music snob terminology.. The transitions were great, I love "IVE OFFICIAL-LY LOST ViSiON!!!!," a smiiiidge of Tame Impala try-hard but overall decent way to branch out.

Listen to this: high on the bart looking out the window



Skrillex



Skrillex, mainstream dubstep's golden boy, returns to the scene showing his vast experience from the past 13 years on this album. Every synth and drum in the mix of the song's are clear, separate and punchy all while being loud and relentless. The album's major hit "Rumble", a collaboration with the new golden boy Fred Again, showcases ground shaking bass and always changing dubstep drops to keep the listener entertained. "XENA" features Arabic singing with driving drum beats that keep pushing with a final techno drop that feels right at home on the track. Unfortunately the tail end of the album lacks excitement and fails to continue the momentum from the first half so maybe skip through those.

Listen to this: biking home as fast as possible

Listen to this album with noise cancelling headphones and see what superpower it unlocks in you. It does get kinda boring after 11ish and a little bit like a broken Tamagotchi sound, not in a cool way. Dare I say Swae Lee vocals are the best feature on the whole piece. Skrillex is EDM yes but he does it with claaaaassss. His stutter beat drops build tension that makes you grit your teeth. He loves a twitchy baseline and I think it separates his music from annoying club techno. This album is made to be heard in a large stadium..

A stampede even.

Listen to this: whilst typing a paper, raving, punching a hole in a wall, etc.

POEMS

With: Madeline and Amra

fever wake

yesterday i met
time himself
the quick fellow

after the rains
i sat before
the fireplace

i blinked
he stopped
and sputtered

i sneezed
he left
Believe me

i should mention
the benadryl
a lot.
i eyeballed it.

Bones

Bodies will get older and hair will fall out,
and grow, and fall once more.

But bones will stay with you throughout,
the same ones since age four.

In them memories will stay kept aside.
From brighter colors in a childhood home
to when you almost broke and needed a guide.
They remain contact until you are sewn,

When you find love, first grieve, or loose faith in a god,
It stays stored in the bones you'll be buried with in a plot.

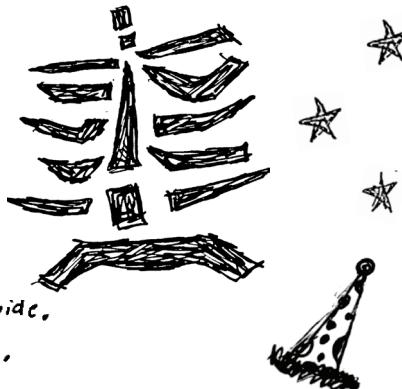


Stardom

i've donned my silks, my satins, my lace
the reds and pinks adorn my face
set to perform, i've taken my place
the crowd, the show, and my dreams await.



i swear i'm the star i always wanted to be
although i dreamt not of the stench of cotton candy
i only hear the applause, that's all i need
because the bright circus lights drown out their mockery.



Untitled

Six fingers on one hand and the strings bowed to his will. It was pools of dew on forever-dried dirt and cowboy cologne that mixed into my nose. Plum colored the hills with the sun in limbo-a dance of grays for however long the longest moment is.

I rub the sweet-smelling plant between my hands. It is with pieces of the past that we draw upon the now half-walls that we once held in a dust-covered plea. The wooden man keeps plucking at his instrument. Sometimes faster and more melancholic. Like swimming deeper when suspended midway in a molasses lake. The halfway night and halfway day has gone for too many hours-nothing moves. Just our hands. Mine around the pieces of flora and his the once-floorboards. I remember when he'd made the instrument-how he'd lifted the ground to make a sound. The strings: plucked from the wires used to hold the towering twin birds. Three freedoms in one twist. The screws had been borrowed from the back of sanded stores. Me, on lookout with toilet paper cardboard circling my eye, and him, scampering about with slowly callusing fingers as he breathed "alright where are yew now" in the inhale and "Want to find yew now" as he exhaled.

That was the day I'd found Io. Part horse-hoof and part bird-wing, with a hummingbird's chest and goat eyes. She spun on the dirt path-her single wing beating against gravity, pushing into the ground instead of into the air. I had seen all the animals she was and tore two heartstrings out to fit her into my chest. Io breathed rhythmically as I carried her in twisted arms. Clay kicked up a twister, creating clouds in our eyes. We yelped out shapes and such that we saw in the swirls and sang out the names of the abandoned hovels and native plants like they were the streets on our maps. Back home, our little limbs scratched at the screws, wires, and wood. Working, until the air rang out when Clay hit the home, and out came a twang. Deep as a stone's silence down a well and as shiver-inducing as its final hit on the water, we held our breaths. Noses smudged with grease and grime, hearts beating fast, and eyes so wide open you could see the Elysian visions inside. The instrument lived. His mouth made an O, and a sweet gurgle rumbled in the back of my throat. He stood as silent as I had since birth. A callback had been created.

Clay played, and I listened for the root of our shared blood in his strings. Daylight was spent picking up dimes and copper and little leaves, and dusk would pass above us in our tree. He, thrumming along to the hum of the hills, and I, pressing the findings into paper and whittling charcoals into words on the white. And I, that day, was maybe scratching out the story of a colossal seed to the sound of rolling boulders in the night. Inside, Io breathed harder. Ribs opened and closed as our pieces found their way into her.

The world didn't simply fall into night. Purple grew longer.

When the dust came, we were still up on our ironwood. I spat out the ground as it lodged in the back of my throat. Rattling breaths grew as we chewed on the grit. Clay turned his face up and squinted his eyes until they raisined.

"Ay hope we can see when the worst arm of the storm waves above us", he said. We cannot fly away. I replied with my turned pages.

For three days, dirt-covered bodies dropped from the clouds. When we'd tied ourselves down, Clay told me I needed to start building a map to get myself out of my memories.

My wire lips twist as I come back into the eternal purple. I gaze at my green-stained index-the tears of the plants I'd once used to ground myself in our soil. Black Sage and Toyon had once stood as my tethers. When they'd been found in the clouds, I had flipped my head between spread legs to make them look like down. Most pass the never-ending nights in song and talk. With no words able to fall off my tongue, I dance into memories forty layers deep. His chords ring out solemn.

When the wood above us broke, it was the cold, smooth, shell-like concrete that stopped our flying away. Mama had left the cave. She'd been touching around the house lightly- feather-fingered trying to wrap her palms around a full bottle. The cry of the roof was just like that of a fleshed horn caught between

the teeth of the coyotes. The way it tore from the walls the same way limbs split from a scream. And she-a flash of curls and burnt sienna eyes-a leaf next to the attic in the winds. The rope burned the nape of my neck and caught my breath in its clutch as an end snarled at my stomach. Clay's locks wrapped around his head and covered chasmic eyes for a fraction. Oak howled as the dust gnashed at its rings, and it let out its fragments in defiance, turning my brother's arms into branches.

And then all was hollow. The shell had been cleaned of its creature and the sound of the ocean within. All was silent save for our fluttering breaths as our chests opened and closed like two gaping fish.

Four had flipped to three.

Afterward, the house was nothing more than a mouth full of teeth. We stayed until the draft grew too cold and the food couldn't be split smaller, and got sent to a keep-the land of a Tataviam woman who taught Clay about the animals, and me the machines.

In my sleep, the usurper was a girl like me sitting bowlegged on my sheets. Six feather bows lined with lantern paper shrieked with her growing grin. She held me to the ginkgo, the soup of sap fell onto the crown of my head and coated my lining with lead peas. The fur of a black sheep filled my pillow more and more every night. I would reach the point at which my neck was lifted to such an angle that I could not, cannot, look away from my chest. In my dreams, I lost my skin clock. *I do not know if I need to be listening or marching.*

Without the burnt sienna eyes staring into my own, I lost all sense of where to lay them. Clay found that if he focused on one thing for long enough, he could quiet his mind to the point of my vocal chords. We awoke at dawn and saw pillows at twilight. Cobalt violet, Eminence, Ube, and Amethyst bore into our brains. Io often brought back branches that looked like the shrubbery from the left home. We built a teepee, but without the shell that saved, I wept for our asylum when the winds came and whipped the walls.

Many long moments had passed when a figure composed of the darkest mares descended upon the land in a stampede. The clouds of dust unfurled from their stomachs outward, blossoming like the flower of death. Unable to move our legs, the woman held our arms tight as she flew us inside the house. Glass rattled feverishly, and for a moment I was transported back to Clay's delicate plucking of his reworded wire. The wind ripped out the stocks from their roots and shoved them into its mouth. An animal insatiable. In an instant, the winds changed direction. I saw the food fall from the terror's teeth and in front of me dropped a plank of wood so familiar my throat screamed to be let from its silence. Three steps away from the glass lay a slab of my mother's most favored wallpaper-monarchs picked to honor her favorite birthdate.

From there, it took Io a long time to move again, and six months later, we left. Chased out twice and not knowing the rule of three, we gave into the winds and learned how to live amongst the boulders and sage and off the cots of the lost. It was during that time that we stumbled upon this home.

The lines of tripled age on our skin sing of blissful summer rains taken away from us-the pair that escaped the grasses. With my writing left in the clutches of the storm and my voice unable to form, I live inside my memories and revisit and repaint on my own. Clay still does not remember. Without a look of knowing from him, I create an alphabet from his jerks and nods and acts of love that might write out the story from his side. Some days, I find his body betraying his silence. Once, we ran into a monarch butterfly on her way back from the South. When we took note of her piercing wings, he, like I, flinched and recoiled into stone. I mutely whisper to Io if his mind hasn't slipped so that he may be here, whole, without needing a hummingbird's chest for a voice. Without a second to add matter, I come close, some days, to leaving it all be-to take all that happened to us as a dream I revived in an attempt to find a cave within.

For now, I still know it was real. And as long as I see Mama's paper in the back of my eyelids, I will know that my youth fed the beast.

take the
1st &
find out!



Which super cool scary spider are YOU??

quiz by
Pookie & Viayla



a fly

★ START ★



a moth

Which would you
rather find in your
web?

Would you rather be?
A Human-Sized OR Talking Spider



Human
sized!

If you had some
free time, where would
you go?

Library

Theme Park



Talking
Spider!

Yes
!!

Do all spiders
go to heaven?



No, that's
silly

Hot or Not?:
Striped
Sweatshirt

Not my thing
tbh

Tea or
Coffee?



Tea!

Coffee!

You encounter a
wild spider!
(What will you do?)

Let it
bite me!

Bite it!

SPIDER-MAN



Ogreface
Spider
(*Draconidae spinosa*)



Which season
do you prefer?

Spring /
Summer

Fall / Winter

An evil wizard
turns you into a cat!
What's the first thing you
do?

Meow!

Cat-Faced Spider
(*Araneus gemmatus*)



Purr!

Peacock Spider
(*Maratus volans*)



Happy-face
Spider
(*Theridion grallator*)



why is horror SO GAY?!?!

a brief reflection on queer influences in horror media

Unbeknownst to the general public, and probably you too, horror has always been queer. horror wouldn't be the same if not for homoerotic subtext, queer coding, and allegories to the queer experience. it's like non-dairy ice cream; sure, it probably tastes all right and works as a good substitute for real milk, but you can't shake the feeling that something isn't quite right (sorry, vegans and lactose intolerants). when you think of classic horror, Dracula probably comes to mind. it was, supposedly, the first book to be premised on vampires. I want you to now imagine Howie Mandel smashing the 'America's Got Talent' red X button because WRONG!!! 'Carmilla' is a book published 26 years before 'Dracula' about a woman and her female vampire "companion". queers have run this joint for centuries; give us some credit where it's due, alright?



Back when being queer was criminalized and/or considered taboo, filmmakers had to get creative when they wanted to represent the community. this resulted in stereotypes being exploited, and later reclaimed, to portray the queer experience. for example, queer-coding of villains and monsters mirrored the demonization lgbtq people experienced in real life, even if they often played into harmful tropes. the movie "Jennifer's Body" was marketed toward the male gaze and used its queer undertones to reel in straight dudes who thought two girls kissing was hot. this backfired, and it bombed at the box office – however, it's now regarded as a queer cult classic. A female main character reclaiming her (bi)sexuality and femininity, even though she was portrayed as the story's villain, was groundbreaking for Hollywood at the time. A more conventional example of queer-coded villains is Stuart and Billy from "Scream" (1996). they were best friends turned duo behind the movie came out were queer-coded, and that real-life gay killers.



Some horror writers choose to go for a more overt method of portraying queer themes, such as The Rocky Horror Picture Show, which features a cross-dressing mad scientist from "Transexual, Transylvania", and the Fear Street trilogy, with a lesbian romance as a central plotline. Others will have you asking, "Is it really necessary for these two guys to be gripping each other for dear life and staring into each others' eyes right after they both suffered from severe, fatal injuries?" (The answer is always yes). When you really think about it, any horror movie can be queer if you look hard enough (or at least when I'm through with them).



INTERVIEW WITH

SAM ARROYO AKA

BIG SAMMY

Why'd you decide to get started as a DJ?

S: I started wanting to DJ because I figured if I DJ'ed, I'd always get to work with music. My goals have been always to be around music.

What sparked your interest in hip-hop music?

S: Growing up all I was listening to was Mexican music until I was 9 years old. I went to a flea market and I found an EPMD tape, and I bought it. I didn't even know what it was it just looked different. It had graffiti on the cover and I fell in love. Ever since then I've just been collecting tapes, CDs, and vinyl ever since then.

How did you decide to focus your show on hip hop?

S: Well, I learned that there's a whole lot of music that wasn't getting played because the radio only plays honestly, probably about 10% of music that's out there. So I figured I needed to expose myself to the music I like somewhere.

Who are your biggest musical influences?

S: I gotta say E-40 pool and Wu Tang Clan. Those are like everything that built me between styles and how to rap.

What's a song you have a meaningful memory attached to?

S: When I was 16 I got to see the Wu Tang Clan in LA with my cousins. They performed C.R.E.A.M and it was probably the best thing I had ever heard live. I know the song, I love the song, but to see it live with all the members it was crazy.

How'd you come up with your DJ name?

S: Well, I'm a big guy, I'm not small, and my name's Sammy. My family first started calling Big Sammy ever since Junior High and I just kind of ran with it. I mean, I come from a Mexican background. They're kind of old school. They would tease you a little bit if you're too skinny, call you, Flaco, you know what I mean. They just always called me Big Sammy so it stuck.

Do you have any sub-genres or eras of hip-hop that inspire your music?

S: I like 90s hip hop - east coast, west coast, down south. I think the nineties era was the best era for me. That's what I grew up on when I was a teenager. Listening to music that nobody else around me would listen to. I'm just glad I grew up in the area where we had KDVS, where I could listen to anything that I wanted to on whichever night that had hip hop. Wednesday night always had hip hop at KDVS. So I knew Wednesday night from 10 to midnight I could go on the radio and listen to my kind of music.

Favorite horror movie?

S: Probably Nightmare on Elm Street, the first one, the original Freddie. I remember being a kid and I didn't want to go to sleep because I thought that was gonna come get me. I was a bad kid and my parents told me he only gets the bad kids. I never wanted to sleep because I knew Freddie was gonna come get my ass for being a badass kid.



...OR SAMMY'S
COMING FOR
YOU

Fritzi

By Natalia Bugarin

Fritzi Kornstaedt (she/ they)

KDVS Assistant General Manager

Show: Right Here Right Meow

DJ name: Rattenkönig

What is the story behind your DJ name?

Yeah, so my first quarter I picked a different DJ name. I used to go by The Ferret but I never really loved it. Immediately after I changed it to Rattenkönig. I always thought that rat kings were cool (chuckles) and I wanted to make it a little bit more interesting I guess. Rat kings are historically associated with Germany, so I thought this was a fun way to tie that in.

What is a rat king?

Okay it's kind of gross (chuckles). It's basically a bunch of rats that will get their tails tied together usually when they are nesting or in small quarters, and I think some kind of sap or oil will get in there and will get tied into a big knot, so the rats can't get out. Its debated whether or not its real, and people think they've been faked for the museum, but you can see some of them on display mostly in Germany in jars.

What songs represent every 5-year period of your life?

0-5:

Upside Down by Jack Johnson

I used to listen to this album to fall asleep as a kid. This is the Curious George song, but, I don't know this song always makes me feel nostalgic when I hear it. It makes me feel like a kid again, and it's just a sweet fun song.

6-10:

Love Song by The Cure

This was something that my dad would play in the car. And it was something that I found myself really enjoying later too. It's the biggest intersection with my dad—the kind of goth-leaning music—because I know that he was into goth music in college.

11-15:

Cemetery Gates by The Smiths

This album was one of the early albums I listened to when I was first starting to develop more of the music taste I have now, which was during my sophomore year of high school I would say. I remember listening to albums that were indie albums, because I thought, how else do you find music when you don't really know what kind of music you want to listen to or find?

So I remember listening to The Smiths and MGMT, and those kind of vibes.

16-20:

The Big Sky by Kate Bush

I remember during the pandemic getting a lot more into music because I suddenly had all of this time, so there are a lot of albums when listening back even remind me of specific times during the pandemic, and all of Hounds of Love by Kate Bush I remember listening to so much during AP Season. From this album, I'd have to pick Big Sky—it's a very spring sounding song. It reminds me of spring 2020.

Alison by Slowdive

It's a nice and lush sounding song. I remember being into that whole album at the time. I feel like that one is much more of a wintery sound.

Parasite by Nick drake

Nick Drake is one of those artists where I listened to just one of his albums back in highschool and I really enjoyed it but never got deeper into his discography and I haven't gotten the chance to do that until more recently, and I still really appreciate it. I love when you can come back to albums from high school and you listen to them more and delve deeper into the artist's discography and realize it holds up in a really big

way and still resonates with you. Sometimes it doesn't even resonate at the time and you have to come back to it, and years later it'll somehow work with you, or maybe you're just not in the right place for it whenever you're listening to it yet.

21:

Say Yes by Elliott Smith

This song has been a constant in my life for the past 4 or 5 years. It is a song that really connected me when I first listened to that album, and I think it's a very beautiful song. Lyrically it's not like his other songs, because its very optimistic.

Be Here to Love Me by Townes Van Zandt

This whole album is very comforting, and reminds me of being cuddled up in the winter by the fireplace.

Song for Sharon by Joni Mitchell

This is my favorite song off of Hejira, which is an album I really adore. It's a very beautiful sounding song.



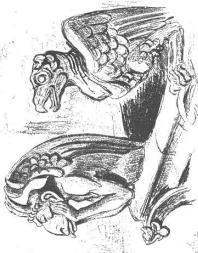
KDVS Davis 90.3 fm

Fall 2023 Programming

// = alternating

12:00-1:00	Songs of Praise Gospel ???	TBA	Attention deficit//East Side Story	Trinket Time// Letters, Leaves, and Lovesick Hearts	Going Viral// Polyamorous	Articles of Consideration	KDVS Music Department Presents: Currents Corner	America China Talk// Grandline Gossip	The Top Shelf// Red House
1:00-2:00	Neonate - Fighting For a Future	Various 33 1/3// Hippie House party	Trail Mix	Tub Talk	A Little Bit of Anything	Radio Parallax	seenseen aka this week		
2:00-3:00			Scene Setting			Lettuce Listen			
3:00-4:00						This Week in Science			
4:00-5:00	Club Cyberia					Aster Disaster			
5:00-6:00						In Focus/ Perspective			
6:00-7:00						Shim Sham			
7:00-8:00									
8:00-9:00									
9:00-10:00									

sun									
mon	Various 33 1/3// Hippie House party	Trail Mix	Tub Talk	Attention deficit//East Side Story	Trinket Time// Letters, Leaves, and Lovesick Hearts	Radio Parallax			
tues	Everything In Excess	Scene Setting				Lettuce Listen			
weds	The Giddy and Smitten Hour	Sounds of the Soul				This Week in Science			
thurs	gemini rising// Bioterrorism	Second Hand// Essential Spices				Aster Disaster			
fri	DJ Killed the Video Star					In Focus/ Perspective			
sat	Raise The Dead					Shim Sham			



Saturday

GIVE
KITTY VACATIONS
A COSTUME!

cut out accessories
to decorate your cat!







Five Nights at FREEBORN

A *Five Night's at Freddy's*
(2023) Movie Review from
an amateur reviewer



As of November 2023, IMDb rated the movie *Five Nights At Freddy's* with a blunt 5.5/10. Rotten Tomatoes issued the movie a brutal 30%. However, 94% of Google users appeared to like this movie. What's the reason for this discrepancy? Let's find out.

When asking the essential query: "Should I watch this movie?", do not consider professional critic reviews. They will steer you in the wrong direction. The movie is clearly aimed at a younger audience, especially those familiar with the game series released in 2014 of the same name. A quick YouTube search will reveal hundreds of "lore" videos, ranging from 10 minutes to several hours in length. Considering the extensive lore, the movie is not the most accurate. For these reasons, I would give the story-telling a generous 6/10.

Now, let's talk about the acting. I don't think any Oscar nominations can be expected for any one of these actors but for what it is, it is acceptable. Josh Hutcherson is an interesting choice for the main character, Mike Schmidt. In some ways, it is fitting. I feel like we all know someone like Mike. A cousin, a classmate, or an old friend with an introverted personality. Then there's Elizabeth Lail. She's good at acting sweet but can be very good at hiding information and is somehow always running from murder. Slightly annoying, but serious about what she's passionate about. The characters representing the extended family honestly do a hack job of acting, but a lot of this can be credited to the sub-par writing. But let's just say: there is much worse. 5/10.

The pacing is not the greatest. A lot of the action in the movie does not occur until around halfway through the film. The story also focuses much more on the protagonist's dysfunctional family rather than the selling point of the movie: the animatronics. The movie doesn't really pick up until you see what the animatronics are capable of in a gory montage where around half of the human characters that viewers are introduced to die back to back. In fact, the final 10 minutes contain the most action, references to lore, and memorable content of the film. To stretch the movie into 2 hours is a feat that gives the movie the opportunity to develop the protagonist and his sister, but it leaves room for curiosity and questions like: Where are his parents? Why does his aunt hate him? Why couldn't he keep a job? 4/10.

Personally, this movie was much more gory than I initially expected. That made it kind of scary. There were also a fair amount of jumpscares that had my attention throughout the film. Considering the younger audience, I'd give the horror value of this film a 7/10.

Then, there's the cinematography. Overall, this movie did a great job with its pans, areas of focus, and animation of the animatronics. They truly brought the franchise to life, adding to the realism with their movements and lighting techniques. The animation definitely doesn't stick out like a sore thumb in its portrayal of the animatronics, so I'd give the cinematography a higher rating. 7/10.

Finally, I'll rate the entertainment value of the film. I found myself laughing at various points and many aspects are downright whimsical. If you critically view this film as a satire, then I could see the ratings of many of the categories going up by a lot. The movie did a decent job of keeping me engaged the whole way through, especially as someone who has a low attention span. This could be chalked up to the fact that I'm a casual fan, or it could be that it was really that engaging of a movie. For this, I'll give it another generous 7/10.

Overall: 6/10

Acting: 5/10

Writing: 6/10

Pace: 4/10

Cinematography: 7/10

Horror Value: 7/10

Entertainment: 7/10



DJ FAZBEAR'S PICKS

The Living Tombstone - FNAF
FNAF

Maretu - SIU

The beeping of SIU's eerie, video-game-like instrumental along with Miku's robotic tuning really made me think of FNAF. Story-wise, the song depicts a rather morbid tale of someone who needs to "SUCK IT UP" because fate has resigned them to be a perpetual victim. The song offers a solution "in the next life"—perhaps while haunting an animatronic...?

Spirits in the Material World - The Police

The song's synths and moving bass lines mimic the action portrayed in the FNAF gameplay. The title reminds me of the FNAF lore, where the animatronics are possessed by the spirits of children who have entered Freddy Fazbear's Pizzeria throughout time.

Kids - Current Joys

This song repeats "I'm just a kid..." in the first three verses before exclaiming "I'm no longer a kid" in the last verse, representing the change and maturation that comes not just with the human experience, but also with the change from innocent child to murderous animatronic.

check out the full
playlist! ↓↓↓



AAAAAAAHHHHHH

WE ASKED AGGIES AROUND CAMPUS THE MOST URGENT QUESTION: "WHAT SONG WOULD BE PLAYING IF YOU WERE IN A HORROR MOVIE CHASE SCENE?" THESE WERE THEIR FINAL WORDS...

"STAY WITH ME" BY
MIKI MATSUBARA
"Think of it in slow motion but like comedic. Can you imagine??"

"FREEBIRD" BY
LYNARD SKYNYRD
"The song is so long so I will live forever"

"THRILLER" BY
MICHAEL JACKSON
"The vibe is similar"

"ALL MY FELLAS" BY
FRIZK
"I have a fear of being chased by Zombies"

"DISARM" BY
SMASHING PUMPKINS

"TIME AFTER TIME" BY
CYNDI LAUPER

LISTEN TO
THE
PLAYLIST...IF
YOU DARE





**"AUGUST" BY
TAYLOR SWIFT**
"I'm like the pretty
girl getting killed
who looks like
Taylor Swift"



**"SINNERMAN" BY
NINA SIMONE**
"Straight up I
heard it on the
show Lucifer"



**"SPELLBOUND" BY
SIOUXSIE AND THE
BANSHEES**
"I feel like we are in
Stranger Things"



**"ROBBERY"
BY TEENA
MARIE**



**"ALL SHE DOES IS
KILL SHIT" BY THE
I.L.Y'S**

"It's grunge and
ominous but really
fast paced and
exciting"



**"YOU KNOW
WHAT THEY DO
TO GUYS LIKE
US IN PRISON"
BY MY
CHEMICAL
ROMANCE**

CREATORS' PICKS



**"SCARY
MONSTERS
(AND SUPER
CREEPS)" BY
DAVID BOWIE**



**"READY TO
FLY" BY
MASAYOSHI
TAKANAKA**



**"I RAN (SO FAR
AWAY)" BY A
FLOCK OF
SEAGULLS**

WHO IS YOUR MONSTER BOYFRIEND?

1

WHAT WOULD BE YOUR IDEAL FIRST DATE?

- A. A CHILL NIGHT IN WITH NETFLIX
- B. NIGHT OUT CLUBING
- C. A HIKE THROUGH THE WOODS
- D. A SPONTANEOUS TRIP TO THE MORGUE

2

CHOOSE A SNACK:

- A. JELLO
- B. ANYTHING WITH RED 40
- C. BEEF JERKEY
- D. MONKEY BREAD

3

CHOOSE THE SCARIEST THING:

- A. NEEDLES
- B. BLOOD
- C. DOGS
- D. THROW UP

4

YOUR FRIENDS WOULD SAY YOUR WORST TRAIT IS:

- A. KNOW-IT-ALL
- B. THIRSTY
- C. AGGRESSIVE
- D. DITZY

MOSTLY A: CONGRATS YOU GOT FRANKIE (FRANKENSTEIN) HE IS AN INTROVERTED KNOW-IT-ALL SO HE WILL TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE & PATIENCE

MOSTLY B: WOW YOU GOT DRAKE (DRACULA)! HE IS A TOTAL BAD BOY & YOU WILL NEVER KNOW IF YOU ARE REALLY DATING

MOSTLY C: YIPPEE! JACOB (WEREWOLF) IS YOUR MONSTER BF. HE IS A GYM BRO, WHO'S ONLY THOUGHTS WILL BE ABOUT HIS PROTEIN INTAKE. GOOD LUCK KEEPING HIS ATTENTION.

MOSTLY D: YAY! KEVIN (ZOMBIE) IS YOUR BF. HE IS A LITTLE STUPID BUT THAT'S OKAY! EACH DATE WILL BE A SURPRISE & HORRIBLY PLANNED

THE FIRST GIRL

advice column

the first girl to die in a horror movie gives her best advice*

by: Giselle + Olivia

1). The TV says there's a serial killer on the loose and everyone should stay inside until they catch him, but I'm so busy! What should I do?

Don't let it interfere with your goals! When my town had a slasher I still went out for my 7-mile run. Gotta maintain my physique!

2). This random number keeps calling my line late at night, always at the same time. But when I pick up it's just heavy breathing on the other end — I'm getting worried. Do I tell someone? Should I call the police?

It's probably just your ex! They're clearly still in love with you but too nervous to tell you! The police don't need to get involved, silly!

3). I just started dating this guy, and I noticed he has a bolted-shut metal door in his basement. Sometimes I hear banging from the other side, should I check it out?

Yes, of course! Never let your childlike curiosity die!

4). My boyfriend has started hoarding all the knives in our house, should I be worried?

Don't you worry, girly! Plenty of people have special hobbies that may seem silly to others. You should see how I get around cheer competition season! ☺



* KDVS is not held liable for any decisions made based on this terrible advice

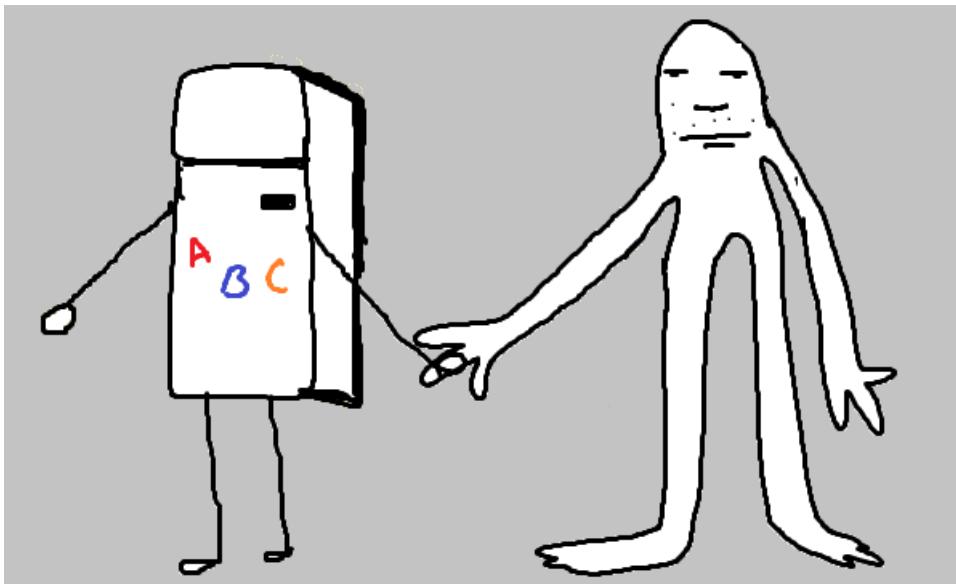
Paul's on Jimmy Fallon

I thought throwing a shoe at it would break it. It didn't. It just shattered the glass, so now I was looking at what I was looking at before, through shattered glass. So I still see him there. He's very smug. I don't understand how he's there. And he's making hand gestures. One of the cracks split his face down the middle, so I stared at that for a while. Thought about looking up why he was there. I didn't. In my array of thoughts I seemed to have separated myself from the TV by quite some distance. From here the cracks seemed to spider-web across the screen. Then, I thought for a moment that a therapist would be beneficial to me. And I wondered why Paul's a star. And I got angry. And he was talentless. I saw it at work. He had nothing. And I thought of what I had. I surely had more than he did. But there was something around him that was appealing to people with talent. Some sort of charm. He flourished at the after-work-bar with stories. And those stories had details, and then they all came together. But he didn't do anything. And he doesn't deserve this. Not any more than me. And I don't deserve it either, but I don't have it. For a time I imagined I would be where he was, but not randomly, like he is. I would do something and have a reason to be talked about. And talk about myself with a false humility. Now he's doing that. Telling stories with humility. I think his humility may be real. Let me listen closer. I moved in close to the web. Close enough to see the small cracks, the ones that connect and make the bigger ones. Maybe it is. What an asshole. It is. I threw my other shoe. Now it broke. The screen shivered a little and a couple of the pieces fell onto the floor. Then it went black. Shoeless, I stepped onto my balcony

"It's really nice outside. I like the air a lot. I don't remember the air being this nice."

Now it was real, and I could enjoy myself. I turned back around to peer into my home because of a loud noise. My TV fell and a wire in the back snapped. It's fine, I don't need it anymore. I don't think I want to watch TV. Maybe I'll cancel my cable package. I should call Paul, see what he's doing now. I wonder if the Jimmy Fallon show has an after party. If I go there maybe this will all stop. All the voices. It'll all stop. Then I can call the guy to fix the TV.

omgg gross it has a hole...
ewww





A NIGHT IN KDVS

BY LDDY

Welcome fellow DJs and DMs! The following 5E TTRPG adventure is designed to be played by 2-4 players. Player characters are intended to use the Commoner stat block. Creature and character stat blocks are not included.

Deep within the walls of Lower Freeborn Hall, you find yourself rushing to the KDVS Station to take to the airwaves. It's fifteen minutes until 2AM and you, the valiant DJ that you are, find yourself covering a late night shift for an AWOL volunteer. Though the time of night may mean it's Safe Harbor hours, there is nothing safe about this upcoming DJ set!

0 - Area 0 encompasses the entry hall to KDVS. The doors to the lobby are locked and there appears to be no one inside of Studio B to open the doors. Players who investigate the bulletin board on the wall notice the usual show flyers but also a poster for a LISA that is taking place tonight. The door to the lounge has been left mysteriously unlocked.

1 - Players who enter the Lobby can search the lobby desk and find a Key that opens the front door to Studio B.

2 - In the small hall, players who investigate the mail cubbies find a note that reads "Refile the bin tonight!" The door to Studio B is locked but the door to the Lobby is open.

3 - Players who enter the lounge are shocked at the sight of it; hauntingly clean! The speakers in the room slowly increase in volume as the scratching and skipping of a record begins to come through; it's "Sister Ray" by The Velvet Underground! The door to the office is locked, but the hall to Studio B is open. Any player who investigates the couch finds one ice cold bottle of their favorite beverage! Consuming the beverage restores 1D8 HP.

4 - The door to the Office is locked and can only be opened by using the Station Key located in area 9. Upon entering the room, the lights are noticeably dim. One of the phones in the room used for fund drives begins to ring and will not stop ringing until answered. Any skill checks, attack rolls, or saving throws have disadvantage while the phone remains ringing. Upon answering the phone, the player hears a static and the faint sounds of any song they may have played before last leaving Studio B.

After the phone is answered, or if it is not promptly answered, the door to the office closes and locks from the inside and out. It can still be unlocked via the Studio Key. Any player in the Office feels the room grow cold, as a wind whips through the room. From behind the back desk, a figure appears. They look familiar, like a DJ you think you've seen before. They speak: "Hey! Are you the DJ that's covering the show tonight? Cool tunes, bro!" No matter the players response, the figure will soon attempt a surprise attack on the nearest player, revealing itself to be a DOPPELGANGER who will duel throughout the station until it is defeated.

Upon its defeat, inform the players: "The blight of this imposter DJ has been exorcised from KDVS! You have saved the airwaves and rid the station of the haunting forces that had infected it! Your fellow DJ's will sing your praises, but for now, you must return to Studio B at KDVS Davis!"

5 - Upon first entering Studio B, players see the turntable scratch to a stop. Any player who resets the needle gains 1D8 of Max HP, as we can't have dead air on KDVS!

If the Studio Key was acquired from area 9, the doors into Studio B from area 7A becomes locked. Using the Studio Key to unlock the door, players enter the room and feel a cold chill, finding all the fans in the room to be turned on. They hear the final seconds of "Sister Ray" play out.

Players who know to immediately perform the Live Studio Identification and Safe Harbor announcements, followed by a non-Top 40 song of their choosing on an available media format of their choice are rewarded with a 2D6 HP and Max HP increase!

If a player doesn't choose to perform the Live Station ID and Safe Harbor announcement before attempting to exit the room, all doors to Studio B immediately shut and relock. A voice echoes from behind the stack of current records: "We knew you weren't following protocol!"

The players are then met with the visage of a haunting SPY from the communications commission who has infiltrated the station. Players can not exit Studio B until besting the creature, though upon its defeat, players receive a 1D8 increase to HP and Max HP.

6 - Upon entering the LISA set, any music heard from outside of it ceases immediately. Any player who inspects the room finds an armor imbued with the mightiest of magic; a KDVS "Mr. Turntable Head" sweater that grants +4 AC!

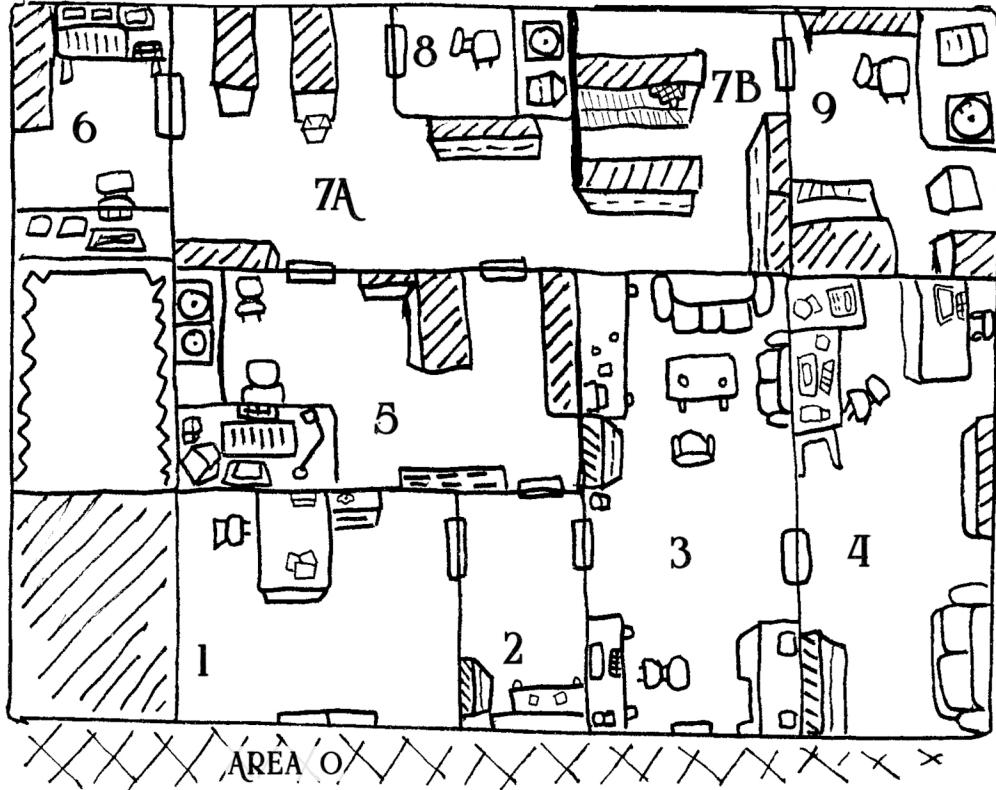
7A - The Stacks appear completely lifeless. Any player who inspects the refile bin notices a single vinyl record by the X-Ray Spex. Players who successfully refile the record in area 7B gain 1D8 of Max HP. Any players who approach the LISA Studio find the doors closed but hear what sounds like a live band playing inside.

7B - The lights in area 7B flicker on and off. Players who attempt to refile any records here are startled by a GRAY Ooze dripping from the stacks. Players must defeat the creature to refile any records here.

8 - Upon entering the listening room, players are startled to find a headphones-clad figure who has seemingly spent the entire night listening to records. The figure is unresponsive, but the music blaring from their headphones is clearly audible; a Top 40 hit! If the players engage the figure, they awaken it, finding themselves in a confrontation with a ZOMBIE. Players who are able to best the creature in combat find a full Record Bag; this Magical Item is the perfect weapon for any capable DJ, allowing for it to be swung for +4 Hit and causing 1D8 of bludgeoning damage.

9 - The door to the Mail Room is closed but unlocked. Upon entering the room, the door immediately closes and locks behind them. Players who investigate the room notice a clock on the wall that shows the time to be 2 AM; you have less than five minutes to get out of the room and perform the Station ID and Safe Harbor notice! Players must succeed on a DC 12 Wisdom saving throw to successfully search the room for a Studio Key that, unbeknownst to the players, opens all doors in KDVS

END



FREE PALESTINE

حررُوا فلسطين





Jazmine Campos

"I"

In one man lives many men
Carved, calloused palms of killers
Stifled, stubbled smiles of martyrs

The half full horrible hearts of fathers
And brothers barbed with crueler matters

In one man lives many men
Men of many measures
And men to be, of many more

Thick skulls of screaming lovers
Thunderous laughter and mighty banter

In one me lives many men
The carved calloused palms of my fathers
I will live to fill the grooves

- @3wisemeninatrenchcoat (Instagram)

(no title):

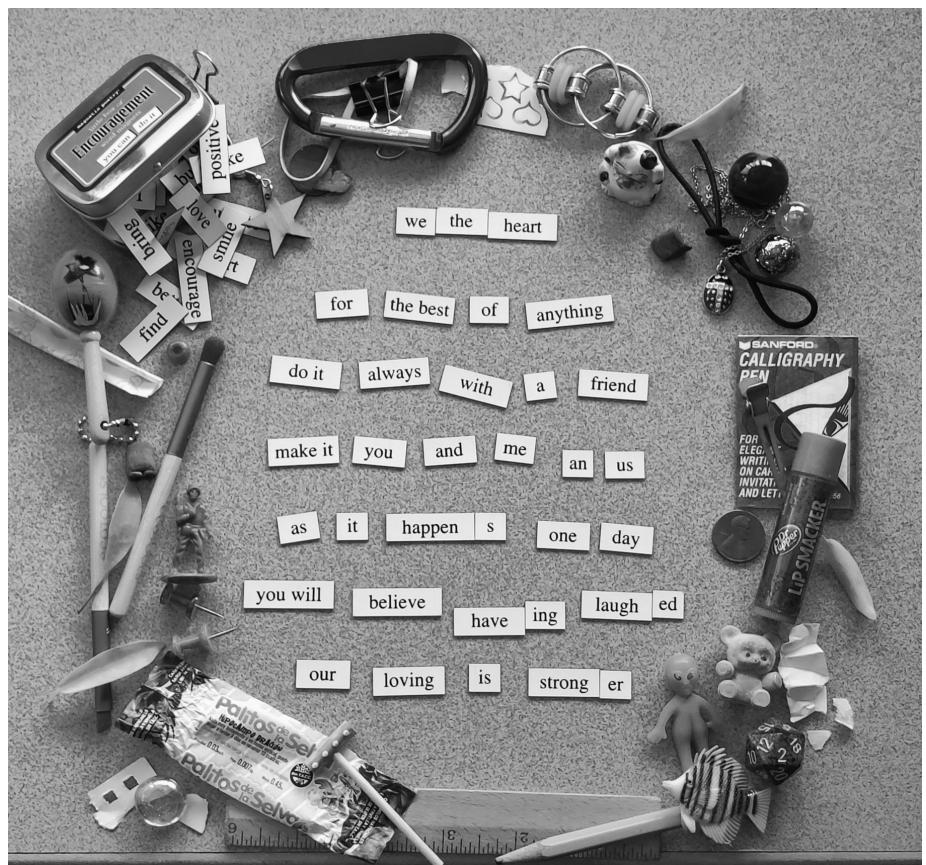
I'd only ever needed see
The man for which I ought to be
But in this o' so dreary rain
I catch reflected none but stain

- @3wisemeninatrenchcoat (Instagram)

(no title):

i walk through walls
and withhold wittiness
and whisper worries into the womb
like mosquitos multiplying in still water

- @corncloak (Instagram)



Catherine Kessler





Ava Liepert @collagebyava

